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FIRST CLASS GOODS.
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE
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Dealer in all kinds of Plumbing and
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AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICE.
SHOP, Chestnut St., 1st door north of
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Teachers' Examinations.

EXAMINATIONS will be held, commencing
on February 1st at 9 o'clock a. m. and closing at 4 p. m.
on the First SATURDAY of each month; also,
the THIRD SATURDAY in October, November,
February and April.

The examination on the THIRD SATURDAY in
February will be held at GARRETTSTOWN; that on
the THIRD SATURDAY in April, at Kent. All
others will be held at the High School Build-
ing, Ravenna.

No certificate will be ante-dated.
Any applicant known to cheat, will be re-
jected for six months.

By order of the Board,
O. F. HAYMAKER, Clerk,
Earlyville, O.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS

VOL. 23, No. 49.

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1891.

WHOLE NO. 1195.

FLOOR * COVERINGS

AND

Window and Interior Hangings

5 Cents A Pound

To meet the demands of our increasing trade, we have been compelled to devote our first floor to the finer grades of Carpets, and Curtains, and we now have facilities for handling and displaying our stock which will be alike pleasing and satisfactory to ourselves and patrons—the rear being carpeted and fitted up for the display of Curtains and Tapestries.

With our increased facilities for handling these goods, our stock has been correspondingly enlarged, and we now pride ourselves on having one of the finest Carpet Rooms in Northern Ohio. We feel that we are warranted in assuring our friends that we can offer them advantages, as an exclusive Carpet and Upholstery House, not to be had elsewhere in this County or vicinity.

What we want to call your attention in particular to, is our complete and elegant line of

China and Japanese Mattings

Nothing so nice and cool, for hot weather, as these Mattings. We have beautiful patterns in Checks, Stripes, Plaids, and Solid Colors. There is no stock in this vicinity that will compare with ours.

Opaque Shades!

The largest stock of Shades and Fixtures we have ever had.

Our recent purchases embrace the latest in artistic achievement of designs and colorings. We are confident of your recognition of the advantages we offer, on an inspection of our stock—for which purpose the latch-string of welcome is always out—which embraces Moquettes, Velvets, Body and Tapestry Brussels, and Ingrain Carpets; Art Squares; Wilton Daghestan, Smyrna and Tapestry Rugs; Hassocks; China Mattings, Japanese Embroidered Mattings, Japanese Embroidered Rugs—you should see them, they are beauties. Large and elegant line of Lace Curtains, in Irish Points, Swiss Tambours, Brussels, Nottingham and Muslins. Chenille Portiers. Madras and China Silks for Sash Curtains. Curtain Loops, Chains and Shade Pulls. Curtain Poles, Shade and Shade Fixtures. Curtain Pole Sockets. Sash Rods and Brackets.

Tapestry, Ramie, Jute Goods and Plushes for Upholstering, Rug and Upholstery Fringes, Gimps and Gimp Tacks for Upholstery, Carpet Bindings, Oil Cloth Bindings, Felt and Sewed Linings for Carpets, &c., &c.

Long familiarity with the products of reliable houses, enables us to place our orders only with such, preferring to give our patrons goods of intrinsic value, rather than indulge in the deceptive blazonry of "glittering generalities" born of Shoddy, as a means of "attracting" customers.

In conclusion, we promise you our best efforts in making your visits alike pleasant and profitable, and shall always have our house in order for callers, whether for inspection or purchase.

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Granulated Sugar

5 Cents A Pound

WE CONTINUE OUR

PRESENTS OF SILVERWARE

RISDON & TAYLOR,
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CALL AND EXAMINE

Our Stock

—OF—

Spring and Summer

CLOTHING!

It is both large and elegant, and the style and variety as good as the market affords.

Our advantages of Buying are the best, and our prices will fit your Pocketbook the best.

Neckwear, Underwear, Hosiery, etc.

SHIRTS, in All Grades,—

From Cheapest to Finest—especially the good stock of NEGLIGEE SHIRTS, the best in the market.

The best makes in WORKING MEN'S GARMENTS, including the celebrated "Never Rip" Goods.

Remember, Our stock of

WOLENS --

for Custom Work is the largest, and we'll make to order any garment in latest style—first class Trimmings and work—at lowest prices.

PETER FLATH,

Clothier and Merchant Tailor,
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WE ARE STILL PAYING

In goods one hundred cents on the dollar, for every dollar on leave at our store. Don't forget this. You can't afford to.—Our stock was never more complete than now in the way of Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet and Fancy Goods, Brushes of all kinds, Paints and Oils, Cigars—in fact, anything and everything in our line of business.—Anything not in stock we will gladly get on short notice.—We make a specialty of Trusses, Supporters and Shoulder Braces, and will guarantee satisfaction.

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OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE

Is the Place to Buy

YOUR DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES, COMBS, ETC.

FANCY ARTICLES; PERFUMERY IN GREAT VARIETY OF ODORS; MIXED PAINTS AND PAINTERS' BRUSHES.

W. T. MCCONNEY,

Successor to W. S. GIBBONS.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

Paris was blockaded—famine—

at the point of death. Even the sparrows on the housetops were far between, and the very sewers were in danger of becoming depopulated.

People ate anything they could get.

M. Morisot, watchmaker by trade, was walking early one bright January morning down the boulevards, his hands in the pockets of his overcoat, feeling hungry and depressed, when he unexpectedly ran against a friend.

He recognized M. Sauvage, an old-time chum of the riverside.

Every Sunday before the war Morisot used to start at daybreak with his bamboo fishing rod in his hand, his tin bait and tackle-box upon his back. He used to take the train to Colombes and walk from there to the island of Marante.

No sooner had he arrived at the river than he used to begin to fish and continue fishing until evening.

Here every Sunday he used to meet M. Sauvage, a linen-draper from Paris, but stout and jovial, with a keen, fisherman moreover as he was himself.

Often they would sit side by side, their feet dangling over the water for half a day at a time, and say scarcely a word, yet little by little they became friends. Sometimes they never spoke at all. Occasionally they launched out into conversation, but they understood each other perfectly without its aid, for their tastes and ideas were the same.

On a spring morning in the bright sunshine, when the light and delicate mist hovered over the river, and these two old fishermen enjoyed the taste of real summer weather, Morisot would say to his neighbor: "Hein! not bad, eh?"

And Sauvage would reply: "I know nothing to beat it."

This interchange of sentiments was quite enough to engender mutual understanding.

In autumn, toward evening, when the setting sun reddened the sky and cast shadows of the floating clouds over the water, when the Frenchmen were lighted up and the figures of the two friends were illuminated as if by fire, when the rusted brown of the trees was brightly tinged with gold, and the trees themselves shivered with a wintry shake, M. Sauvage would smile at M. Morisot and say: "What a sight, eh?"

And M. Morisot, without even raising his eyes from the water, would answer: "Better than the boulevards, hein!"

This morning, as soon as they had recognized each other, they shook hands warmly, quite overcome at meeting again under such different circumstances.

M. Sauvage sighed and murmured: "A nice state of things."

M. Morisot, gloomy and sad, answered: "And what weather! It is New Year's day." The sky, in fact, was clear, bright, and beautiful.

They began to walk along, sorrowful and despondent. "Suppose we were fishing, eh? What times we used to have!"

Sauvage replied: "When shall we have that again?"

They went into a little cafe and had a glass of absinthe, and then started again on their walk.

They stopped at another cafe for another glass. When they came out again they were slightly dazed, like people who had fasted long and then partaken too freely.

It was lovely weather; a soft breeze fanned their faces. M. Sauvage, upon whom the fresh air was beginning to take effect, suddenly said: "Suppose we were to go!"

"Go where?"

"Why, fishing?"

"But where?"

"To our island, of course. The French outpost at Colombes. I know Col. Dumoulin; he will let us pass without any difficulty."

M. Morisot trembled with delight at the very idea. "All right, I'm your man."

They separated to fetch their rods. As they went, they were walking fast along the highroad toward the town commanded by Col. Dumoulin.

He smiled at their request, but granted it, and they went on their way rejoicing in the possession of the password.

Soon they had crossed the lines, passed through deserted Colombes, and found themselves in the vineyard leading down to the river. It was about 11 o'clock.

On the other side the village of Agenteuil seemed as if it were dead. The hills of Orgremont and Saumons commanded the whole country round.

Great plain stretching out as far as Nanteau was empty as air. Nothing in sight but cherry trees and stretches of gray soil.

M. Sauvage pointed with his finger to the heights above and said: "The Prussians are up there," and a vague sense of uneasiness seized upon the two friends.

The Prussians! They had never yet set eyes upon them, but for months past they had felt their presence near, encircling their beloved Paris, ruining their beloved France, pillaging, massacring, insatiable, invincible, and all-powerful, and as they thought on them a sort of superstitious terror seemed to mingle with the hate they bore their unknown conquerors.

M. Morisot murmured: "Suppose we were to meet them?" and Sauvage replied with the instinctive gallantry of the Parisian: "Well, we would offer them some of our fish for supper."

All the same they hesitated before venturing into the country, intimidated as they were by the all-pervading silence.

Eventually M. Sauvage picked up courage. "Come along; let's make a start. But we must be cautious."

They went through the vineyard, bent double, crawling along from bush to bush, ears and eyes upon the alert.

Only one strip of ground lay between them and the river. They began to run, and when they reached the bank they crouched down among the dry reeds for shelter.

Morisot laid his ear to the ground to listen for the sound of footsteps, but he could hear nothing. They were alone.

They felt reassured and began to fish.

The deserted island of Marante hid them from the opposite shore. No more as if it had been neglected for years.

M. Sauvage caught the first gudgeon, a matter of seconds. And every minute he pulled up their lines with a little silver object dangling and struggling on the hook. Truly, a miraculous draught.

Suddenly he caught them all, and every minute he pulled up their lines with a little silver object dangling and struggling on the hook. Truly, a miraculous draught.

They positively revelled in enjoyment of a long-forbidden sport.

The sun shone warm upon their backs. They heard nothing—they thought of nothing—the rest of the world was as if it were underground, made the earth tremble. The guns had commenced firing. Morisot turned his head and saw above the bank, far away to the left, the vast shadow of Mont Valerien, and over it the white wreath of smoke from the gun which had just been fired.

Then a jet of flame burst forth from the fortress in answer, a moment later

followed by another explosion. Then others till every second, as it seemed, the mountain breathed out death, and the white smoke formed a funeral pall above it.

M. Sauvage shrugged his shoulders. "They are beginning again," he said. M. Morisot, anxiously watching his float bob up and down, was suddenly seized with rage against the belligerents and growled out: "How idiotic to kill one another like that!"

M. Sauvage—It's worse than brute force.

M. Morisot, who had just hooked a bleak, said: "And to think that it will be thus, so long, as there are such things as governments!"

M. Sauvage stopped him: "The republic would not have declared war."

M. Morisot, in his turn: "With kings we have foreign wars, with the republic we have civil wars."

Then in a friendly way they began to discuss politics with the calm, common sense of reasonable and peace-loving men, agreeing on the one point that no one would ever be free.

And M. Morisot thundered unceasingly, demolishing with its cannon—balls French houses, crushing out French lives, ruining many a dream, many a joy, many a hope and deferred prospect.

M. Sauvage, however, bringing to the hearts of women, girls, and mothers in France and elsewhere sorrow and suffering which would never have an end.

"It's life," said M. Morisot.

"Say rather that it's death," said M. Sauvage.

They started, scared out of their lives, as they felt that some one was watching closely behind them. Turning round they saw four men—four tall, bearded men—dressed as servants in livery and wearing flat caps upon their heads.

These men were covering the two fishermen with rifles.

The rods dropped from their frightened hands and floated aimlessly down the river. In an instant the Frenchmen were seized, bound, thrown into a boat, and ferried over to the island.

Behind the house they had thought uninhabited was a pocket of Prussian soldiers. A hairy giant, who was sitting astride a chair and smoking a porcelain pipe, asked them in excellent French if they were good sports.

A soldier placed at the feet of the officer the net full of fish, which he had brought away with him.

"Not bad, I see, but we have other fish to fry. Listen, and don't alarm yourselves. You are in the hands of French spies sent out to watch your movements, disguised as fishermen. I take you prisoner and order you to be shot."

You have fallen into my hands—so much the worse for you. It is the fortune of war. Inasmuch, however, as you came through the lines you are certainly in possession of the password. Otherwise you could not get back again. Give me the word and I will let you go."

The two friends, livid with fear, stood side by side, their hands nervously twitching, but they answered not a word.

The officer continued: "No one need ever know it. You will go home quietly and your secret will go with you. If you refuse it is death for you both at that instantly. Take your choice."

They neither spoke nor moved.

The Prussian calmly pointed to the river and said: "Refuse in five minutes you will be at the bottom of that water. I suppose you have families."

Mont Valerien thundered unceasingly.

The two Frenchmen stood perfectly still and silent.

The officer gave an order in German. Then he moved his chair farther away from the prisoners and a dozen soldiers drew up in line twenty paces off.

"I will give you one minute," he said, "not one second more."

He got up leisurely and approached the two Frenchmen. He took Morisot by the arm and said, in an undertone: "Quick! Give me the word. Your friend will know nothing. I will appear to give away."

M. Morisot did not answer.

The Prussian took M. Sauvage aside and said the same thing to him.

M. Sauvage did not answer.

They found themselves once more side by side.

The officer gave another order; the soldiers raised their guns.

By accident Morisot's glance fell upon the net full of fish on the ground a few steps off. A ray of sunshine lit up the glittering bodies of the fish, and a sudden weakness came over him. "Good-by, M. Sauvage," he whispered.

"Good-by, M. Morisot," replied M. Sauvage. He pressed each other's hands, trembling from head to foot.

"Fire!" said the officer.

M. Sauvage fell dead on his face. M. Morisot, of stronger build, staggered, stumbled, and then fell right across the body of his friend, with his face turned upward to the sky, his breast riddled with bullets.

The Prussian gave another order. His men dispersed for a moment, returning with cords and stonions. They tied the stronger build, and a sudden weakness came over him. "Good-by, M. Sauvage," he whispered.

Mont Valerien thundered unceasingly.

Two soldiers took Morisot by the head and feet. Two others did the same to Sauvage.

The bodies swung to and fro, and they were launched into space to describe a curve, and plunged feet first into the river.

The water bubbled, boiled, then calmed down, and the little waifs, tinged with red, circled gently toward the bank.

The officer, impassive as ever, said: "It is the fishes' turn now."

His eye fell upon the gudgeon lying on the grass. He picked them up and called to a soldier: "Bring me a white cap appeared. He threw the fish toward him."

"Fry these little animals for me at once, while they are still alive and kicking. They will be delicious."

Then he began smoking again.—Guy de Maupassant in the Strand Magazine.

Fighting Between Men-of-War Men

"It is a curious thing, and one which I could never satisfactorily account for," said an old navy man the other day to a N. Y. Times writer, "but if the crews of an American and British man-of-war are given leave at the same time in a foreign port the result of broken heads and broken hearts is a matter of speculation. As soon as they meet a row is started, which generally ends in some one being disabled or arrested, and sometimes both. It frequently happens that the police interfere with the contestants."

On one neutral ground that these general engagements take place. If they meet on English or American soil each tries to outvie the other in hospitality."

A new fad among fashionable young men of Philadelphia is the wearing of gold buttons on overcoats.

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MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
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ALL KINDS OF FEED.
Delivered to any part of the City

Try our "DAISY" Brand of Flour.

When Melindy Told Me Yes.

Just two weeks from my big fall-out with my first sweetheart, Lacy, I was sitting in my room, looking out at the moon, when I saw a bright star in the sky. I thought it was a comet, and I was very much interested in it. I was sitting in my room, looking out at the moon, when I saw a bright star in the sky. I thought it was a comet, and I was very much interested in it.

An' she said it fair an' square, an' not 'Call again.' An' a new Jerusalem glory lit the air an' the sun burst out like laughter on the round face of a baby.

W'en Melindy, my Melindy, told me 'Yes!' Like a twenty-million orchestra away beyond the hills, the bells bubbled over in a music water-fall.

And it felt like a mountain, on the meadow, house an' shoutin'.

Paradise was open, with admission free to all.